

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an equious fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophæes and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natiue and indew'd
Vnto that element, but long it could not be,
Till that her garments heavy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then is she drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out: Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speecha fire that fainewould blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will gine it start againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
ner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian bnriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offend'd, it cannot be else, for heere lyes the
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her
selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water
he, will he, he goes, marke you that, but i
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, a
his owne death. shortens not his owne

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, Crowners queft la

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if th
man, she should haue bin buried out a C

Clow. Why there thou sayst, and th
should haue countenance in this world
more then their euen Christen: Come
eat gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers,
vp Adams profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore
He put another question to thee, if thou
pole, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. what is he that builds stronger
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. the gallowes-maker, for that

Clow. I like thy wit well in good fa
but how dooes it well? It dooes well to
dooft ill to say the gallowes is built stro
the gallowes may doe well to thee. To

Oth. Who buildes stronger then
Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell,

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more
not mend his pace with beating, and w
next, say a graue-maker, the houles he
Goe get thee in, and fetch me a soope o
In youth when I did loue did loue,

Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behou

O me thought there a was nothing a